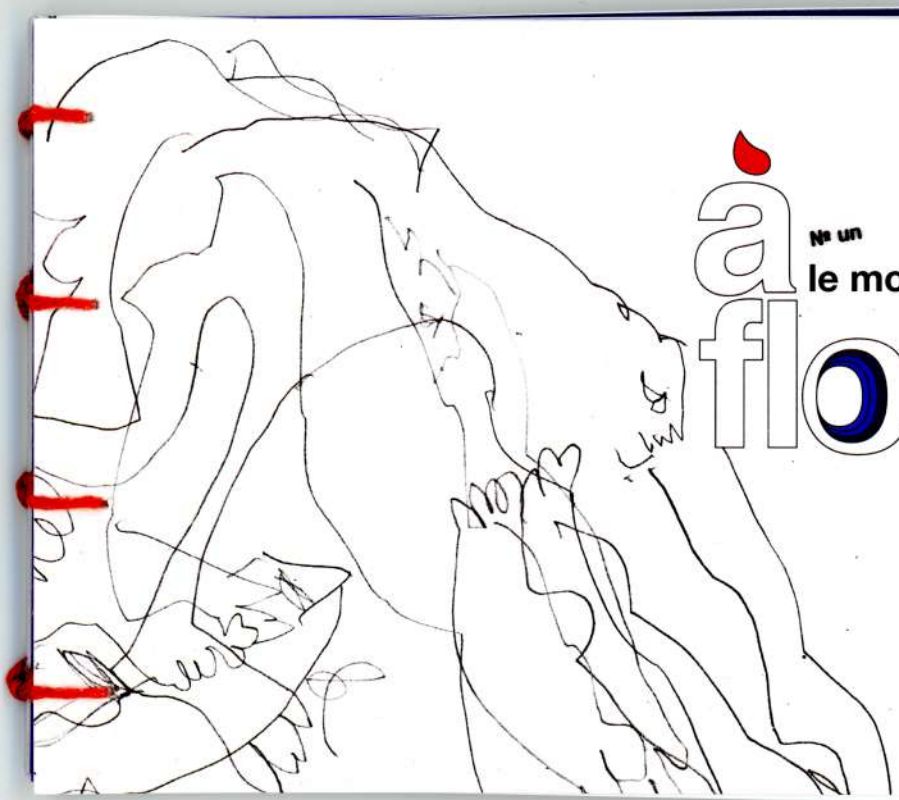


à flots

Nº un

le mouvement


le mouvement
№ un
automne 2023

PERCEVOIR LE MOUVEMENT

Les oeuvres de cette édition invitent des mouvements internes variés: ordonnés ou fluides, lents ou frénétiques, ceux-ci nous amènent à porter attention aux variations qu'ils causent dans nos perceptions. Ce déplacement perceptuel est d'abord habité, corporel; puis se situe éventuellement dans le temps, affectant les mémoires, générationnelles tout comme celles des objets, en troublant au passage les contours. Je vous souhaite donc de laisser ce courant vous porter, dans toute son ampleur.

PERCEIVING MOVEMENT

The artworks in this edition invite various internal movements: ordered or fluid, slow or frenetic, they call our attention to the variations they cause within our perceptions. This perceptual shift is at first embodied; eventually situating itself within time, affecting memories, generational ones and those of objects alike, meanwhile blurring their boundaries. I hope you let this current carry you, in all its amplitude.

> Filémon Brault-Archambeault
Rédaction/Editor

ARTISTES

Par 1 zine / Per 1 zine

Oeuvres / Works	15
Élise Ares Poliquin	4
Jonathan Stack	6
Noa Blanche Beschorner	7
Mariana Chajon	8
Josephine « Jo » Campbell Lashuk	10
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Joss D'Alton	12
Clémentine Landry	14
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Équipe *À Flots* / *À Flots* Team

Filémon Brault Archambeault	Rédaction
Noa Blanche Beschorner	Direction artistique
Élise Ares Poliquin	Communications
Camille Ares Poliquin	Coordination d'événements
Anthony Vicente-Pereira	Coordination des finances

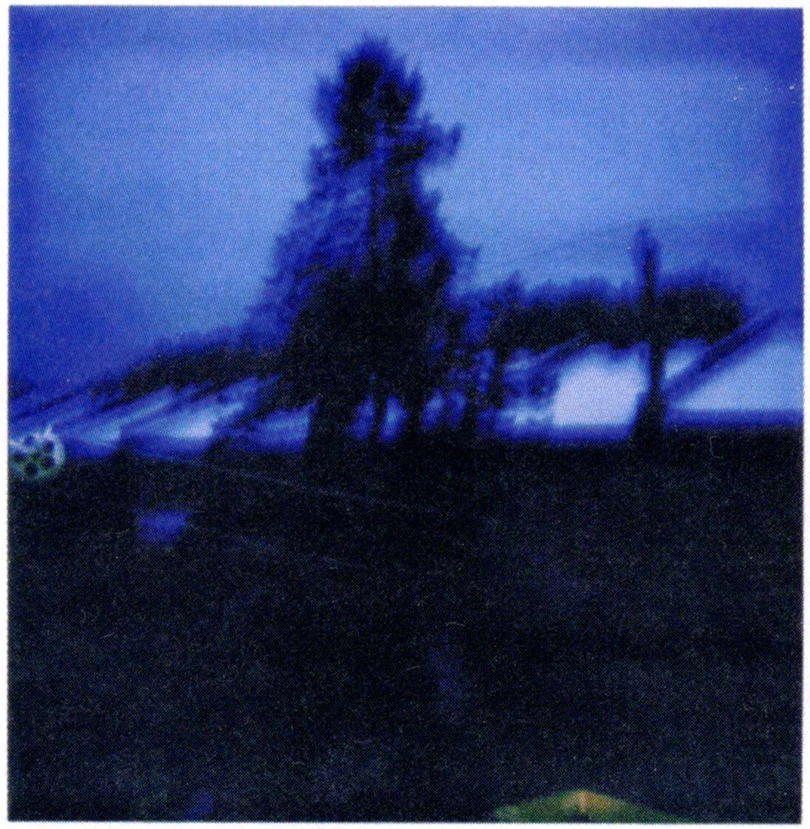
ÉDITION EN LIGNE

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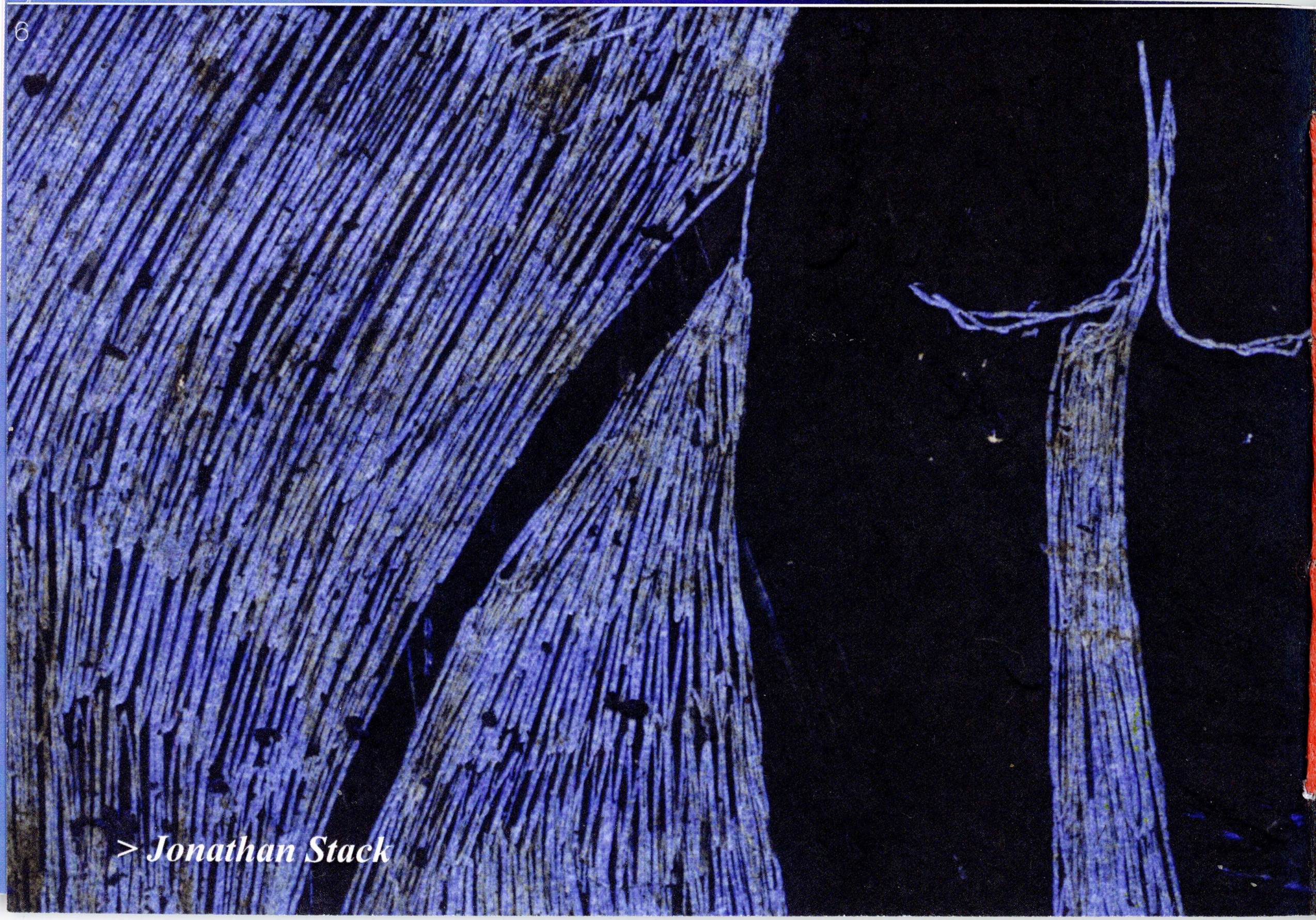
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Illustration de couverture > Lulu Guequierre
Merci > Cato Usher



> *Élise Ares Poliquin*



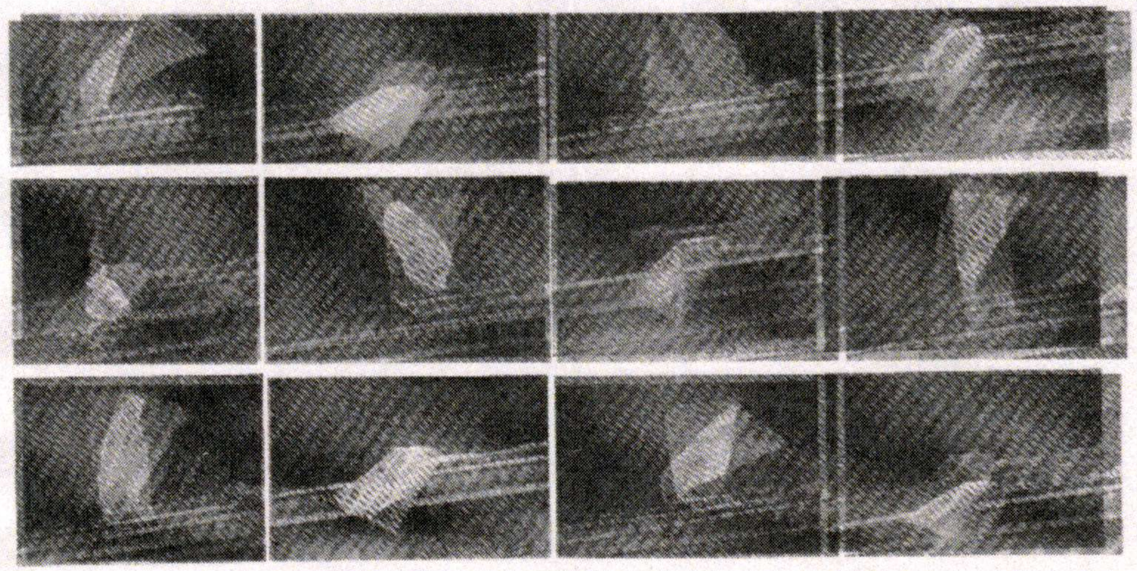
> *Jonathan Stack*

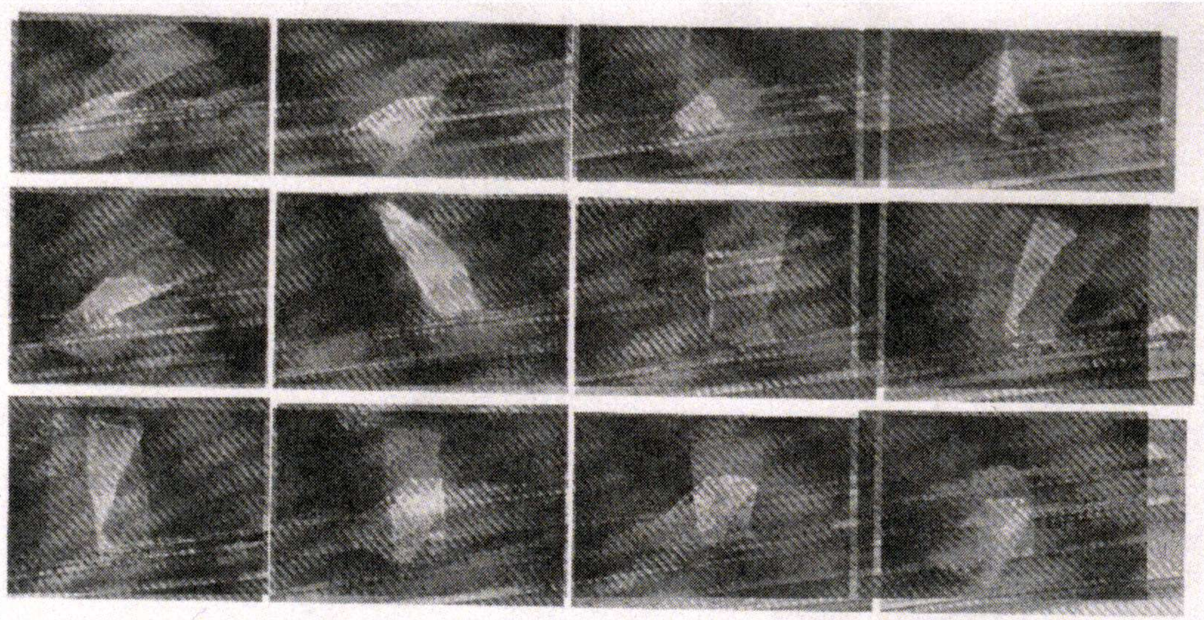
NOA BLANCHE BESCHORNER

PHOTOGRAPHIE, XEROX

8x10

SHOW DE BOUCANE





I finally told you
You cried,
denied,
pushed,
even forgot.

Accepted, accept it, excepting, excepted
Axe etching a sentence
exhaling acts as an ending

they all sound the same to you

you take us on a family holiday
to the capital,
the parliament.
we cross the street and a portal opens
to a land of domination, erasure, and capitulation.

a group of people holding a bunch of signs
written on them: god doesn't love me

hot thick salty sweat on my face as the sun tans my skin,
I look down at my clothes
and feel fear in the back of my head

a bullet had been nested there

all my life,
itching twenty years later

In Ottawa

> Mariana Chajon

and the sweat starts burning my forehead
it leaves a mark made of ashes in the form of a cross

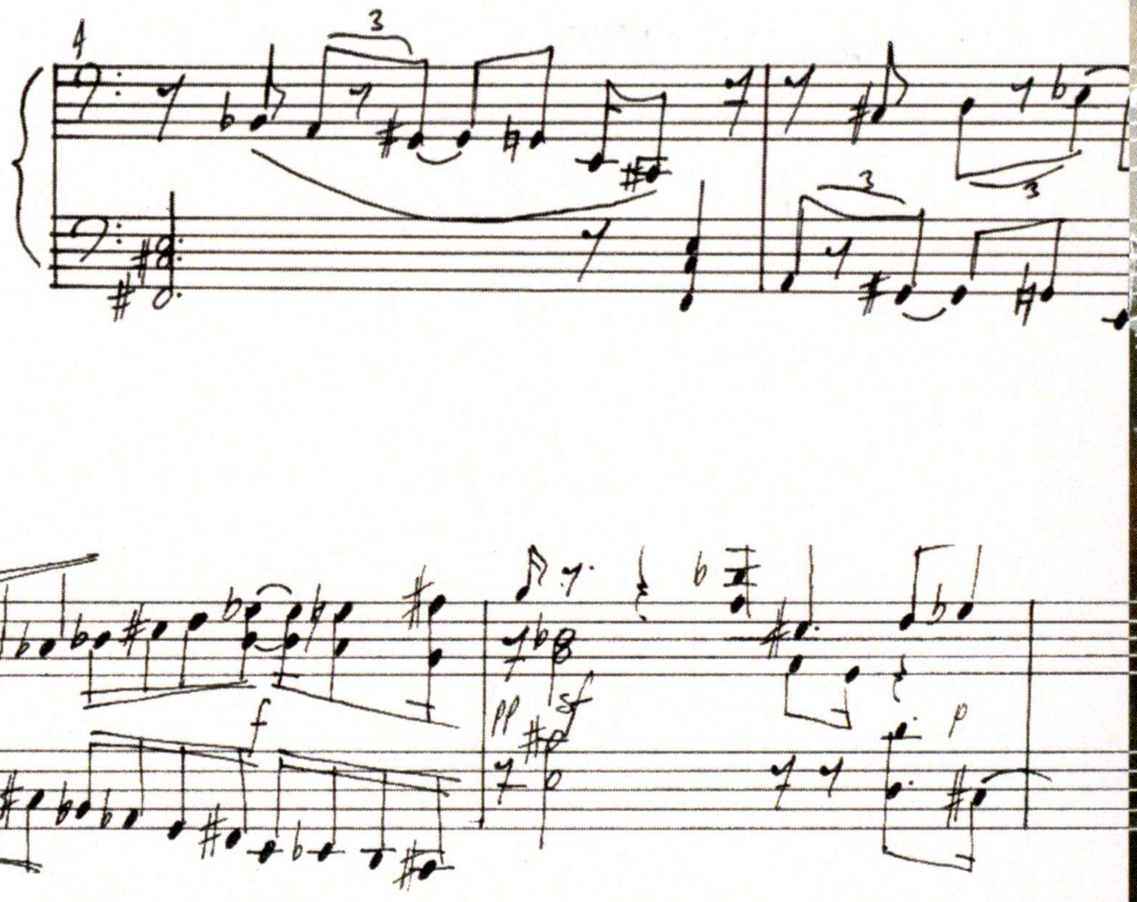
god-loving
god-fearing
god-dammit

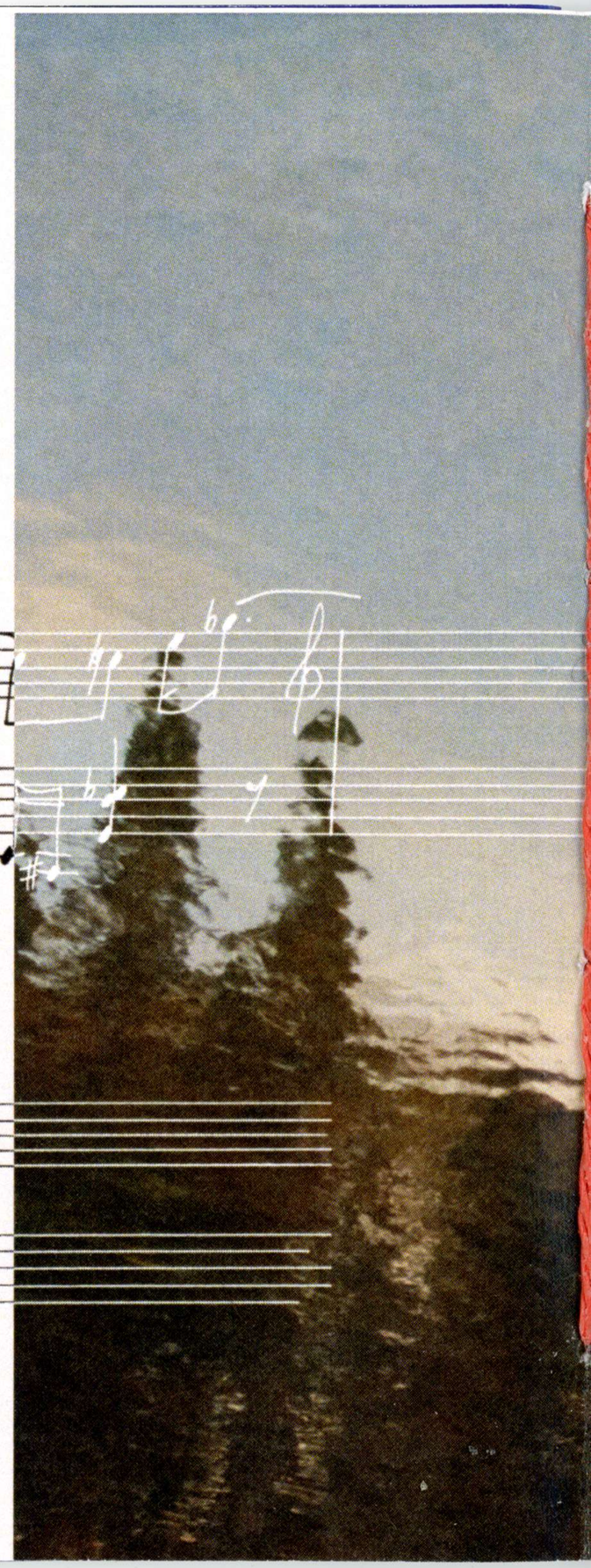
I turn to leave but you hold me back,
as if walking through this is a rite of passage
that will get me closer to you.
so holy, so effortlessly.
my brother leads the way out

God bless him

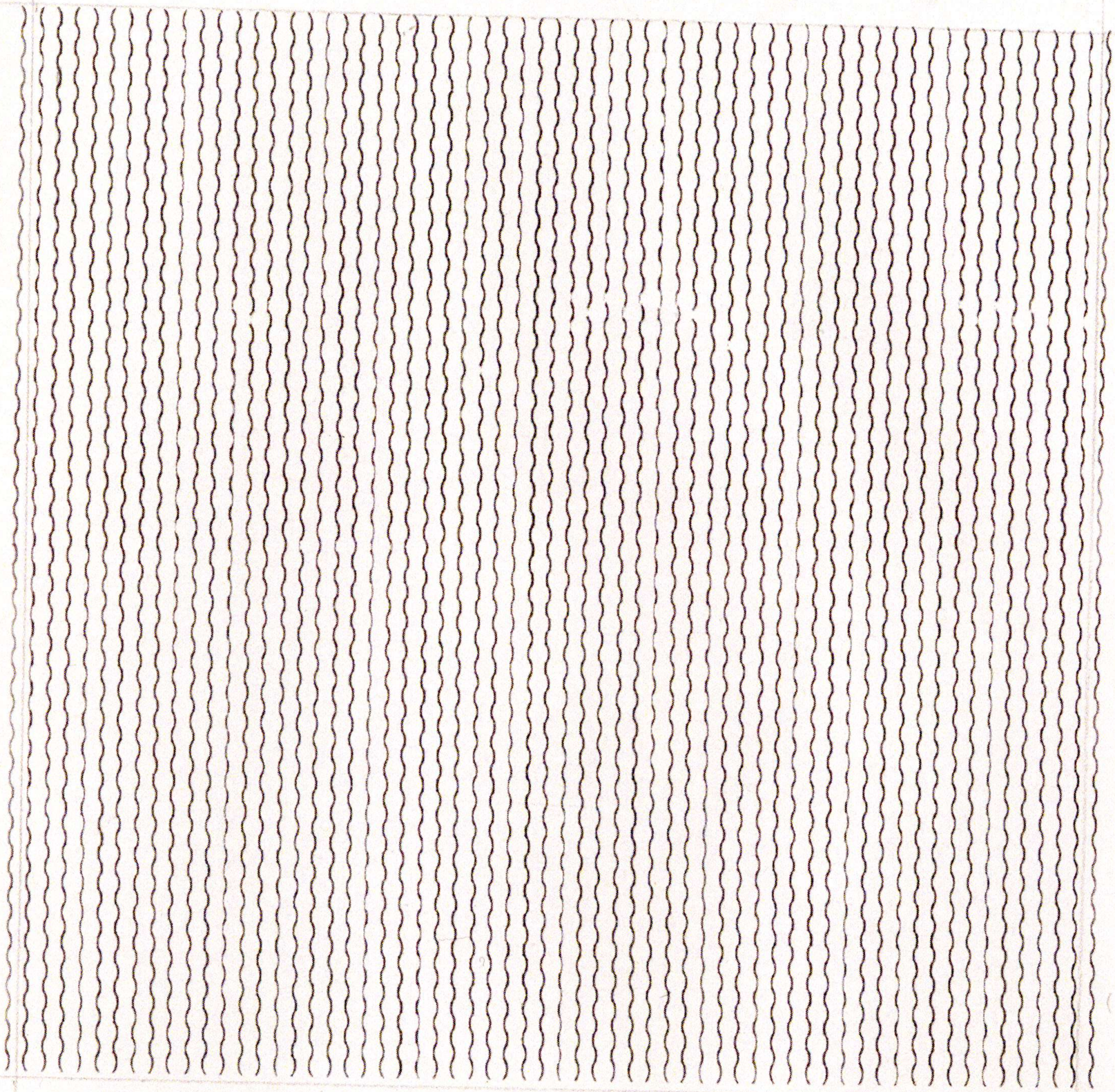
i will never forget how your face looked as you cried
even if you apologized
one time
the image comes back
it's hard to believe
it took me a long time to unlearn
what you taught me at sixteen

Light Through Trees



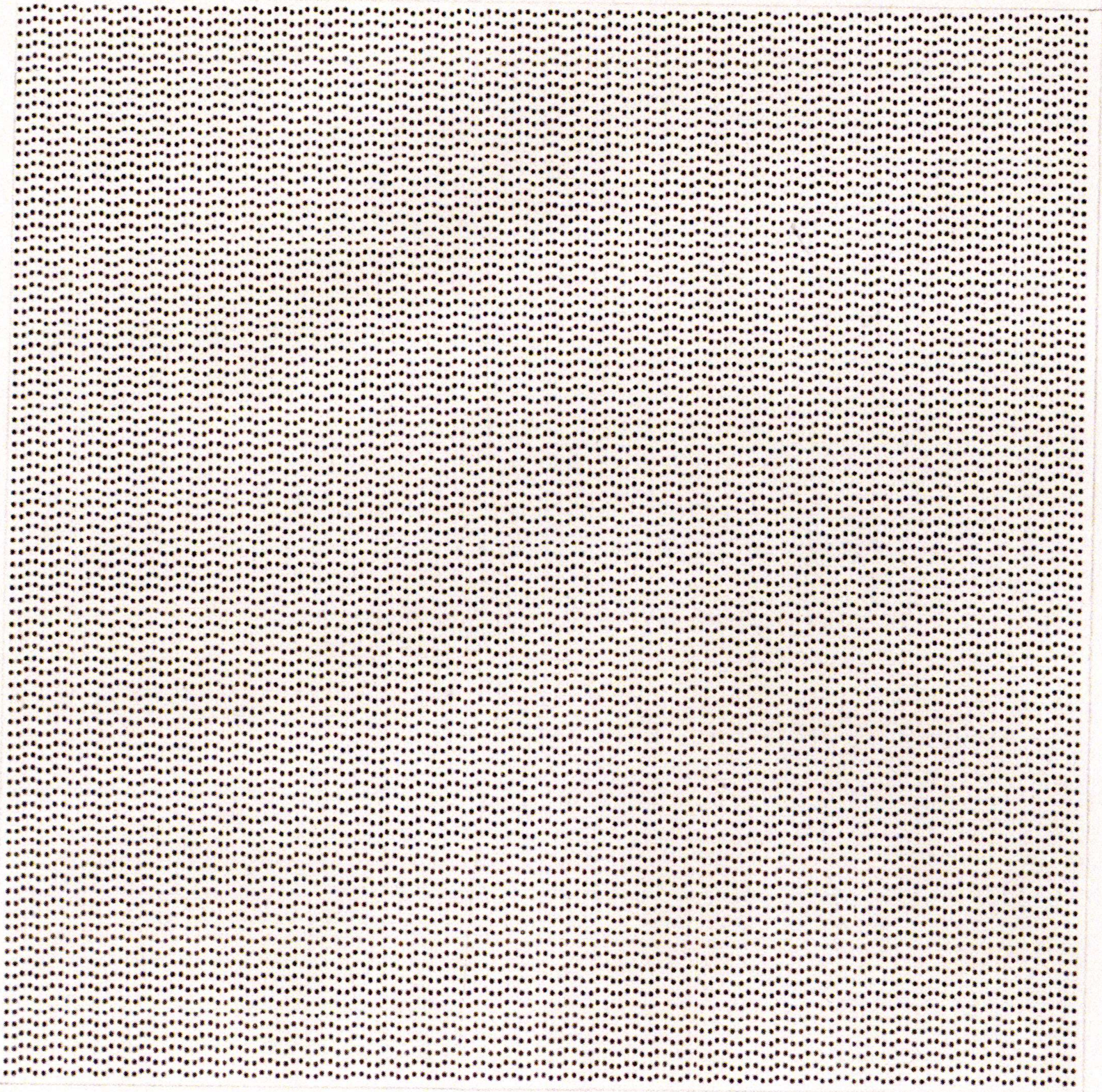



Piano
> Gabriel Barbeau

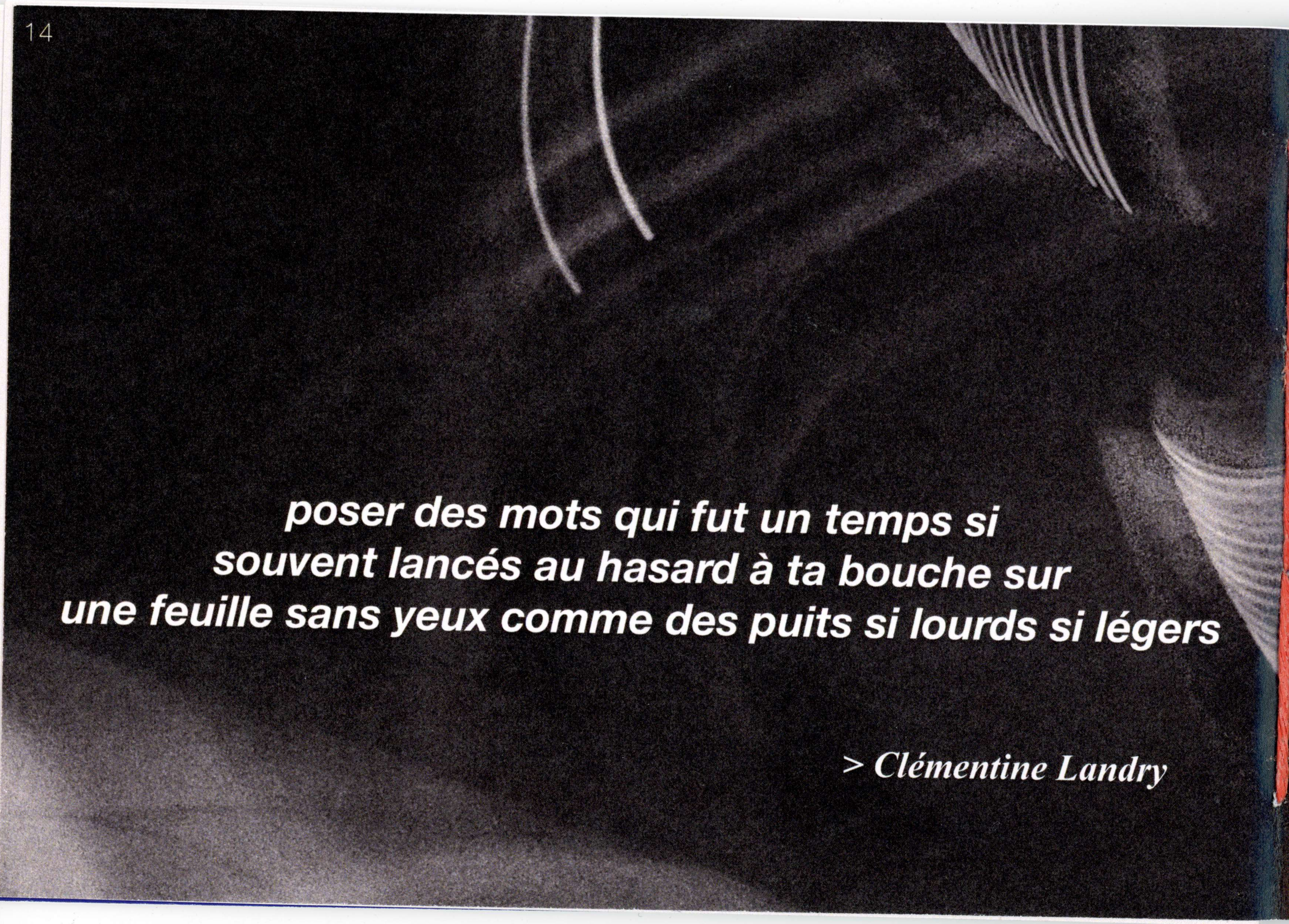


> *typeprint 02*

> Joss D'Alton



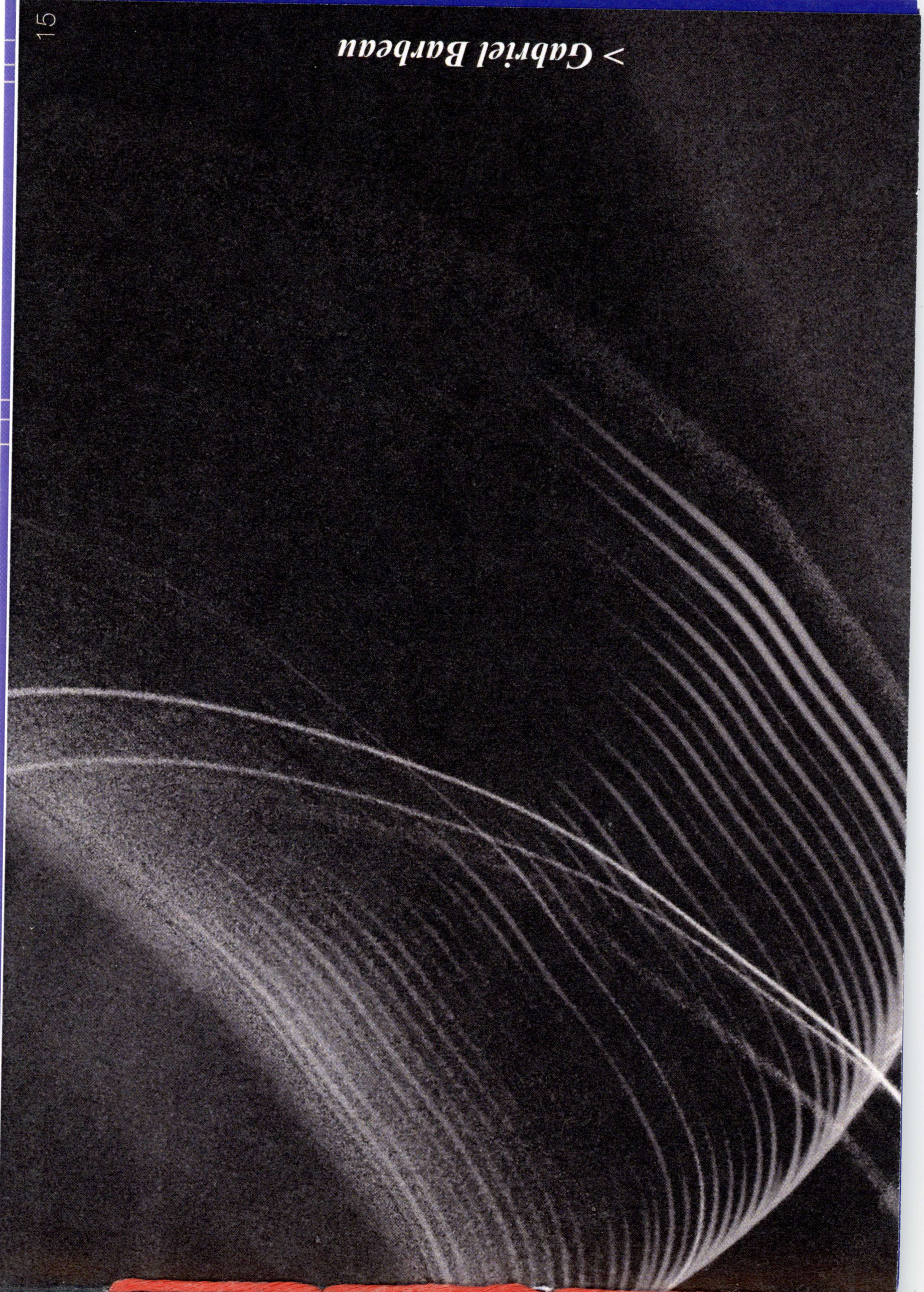
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poser des mots qui fut un temps si
souvent lancés au hasard à ta bouche sur
une feuille sans yeux comme des puits si lourds si légers

> *Clémentine Landry*

> Gabriel Barbeau



Whilst the eastern hemisphere sleeps,
This gelatin heat hurting in my head awakens,
Please shut off, leave me to the sheep,
They wait, but I won't make it to them.
For now, my company is but a molten sheet of
ooze produced by the moon,
At least her shine is peaceful, quiet,
I truly hope that same glow finds me soon.
With some movement deliberate,
The ooze on its back starts to speak,
At first, gentle, whispers to me slippery and slow,
Slimy words of doubt so sleek,
They slip between the cracks of woe,
Just enough to shake the warm duvet,
Which kept my eyes afloat,
Exploring the safe none tumultuous possibilities that may,
Changing the angered waters which fill my throat,
I start to gargle something rather thicker,

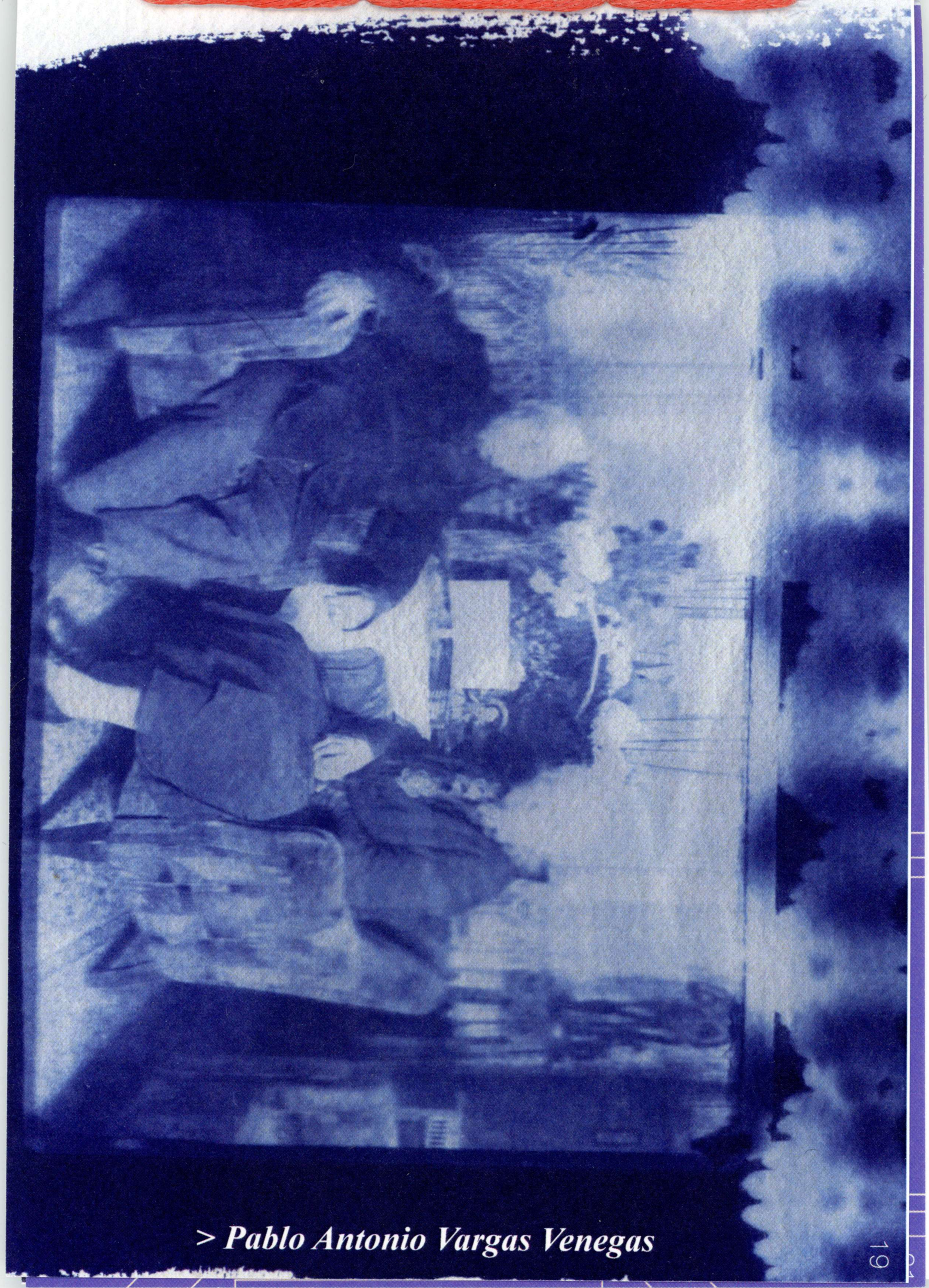
A slow-choke, half burning, takes its time,
While the voice grows quicker,
From my eyes flows a fizzling slime,
As its hasty resonance reverberates,
Louder and louder producing a haze,
Which discomfort, in its sound, creates,
The ooze conjures, from the ground, a series of walls, such a maze,
Enclosures of mouths shouting, spewing, spluttering words,
Which canonically pull at my hearts ear drums,
Their draws, more deafening than swords,
And further disorienting are their hums,
I lose all balance and misstep,
Falling into a circular tunnel,
In this chute I attempt,
To grasp, take hold of anything but I'm pummeled,
Cement cold, face down,
In silence now, the ooze opens these eyes of mine,
They unlatch to discover it is but the ground,
My aching stopped by the breath of thyme.

> Gia Lamothe

Je me remplis d'air salin

Une pompe à asthme
Pour mes poumons déchirés
Par ton départ et j'espère que les
Vagues m'emportent enfin loin de tout
Et surtout de toi
J'écris vite comme
Pressée de Sortir ces idées
De mon ventre
Comme par peur de les oublier
Motivée par cette envie folle D'enfin devenir
Quelqu'un d'autre Me glisser dans l'eau froide
De la berge comme dans un
T o m b e a u
Pas pour y mourir mais peut-être Pour y renaitre
Et je me vide d'un coup Tamisée par mon effondrement
Je veux être un tout
Et boire en une seule gorgée
Tout ce que j'ai à dire

Camille Ares Poliquin



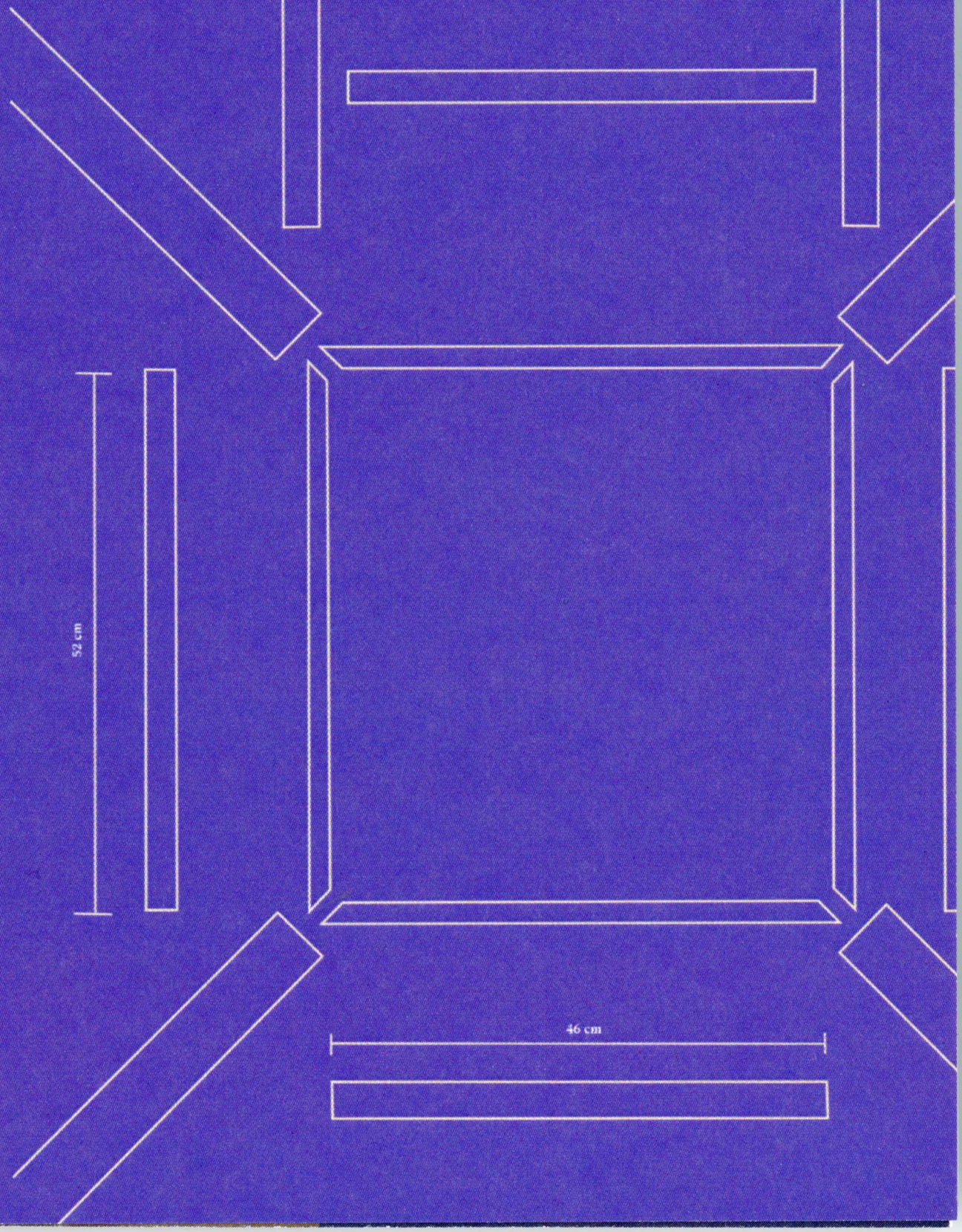
> Pablo Antonio Vargas Venegas





My uncle is a farmer in the north of Auvergne in France. This place where I grew up is for me a source of great pride, however, I now find myself at odds with many of the habits and morals of my family. ***Le Doux Fruit de Nos Labeurs*** (The Sweet Fruit of Our Labors) is a conceptual book exploring the nature of labor in rural areas as well as my relationship to my paternal family. The format is inspired by manuscripts from the Middle Ages and reuses a bistro chair as a support. The object is activated by turning a wooden crank embedded in the seat. The text and the illustrations are printed on canvas.

> Yann Pariot



Bodies of Water



> *Dennis Belopolsky*

REGARDS PALESTINIENS

Projections en solidarité avec Gaza

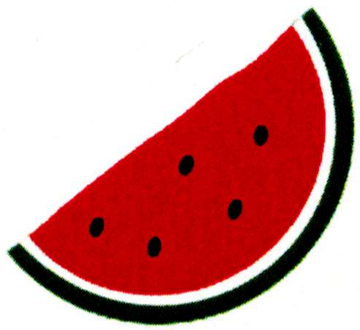
DU FLEUVE À LA MER est une série de projections de films à Tiohtià:ke/ Montréal organisée par une coalition d'organismes et de collectifs culturels se regroupant en solidarité avec la Palestine et la lutte palestinienne pour l'égalité, la justice et la libération.

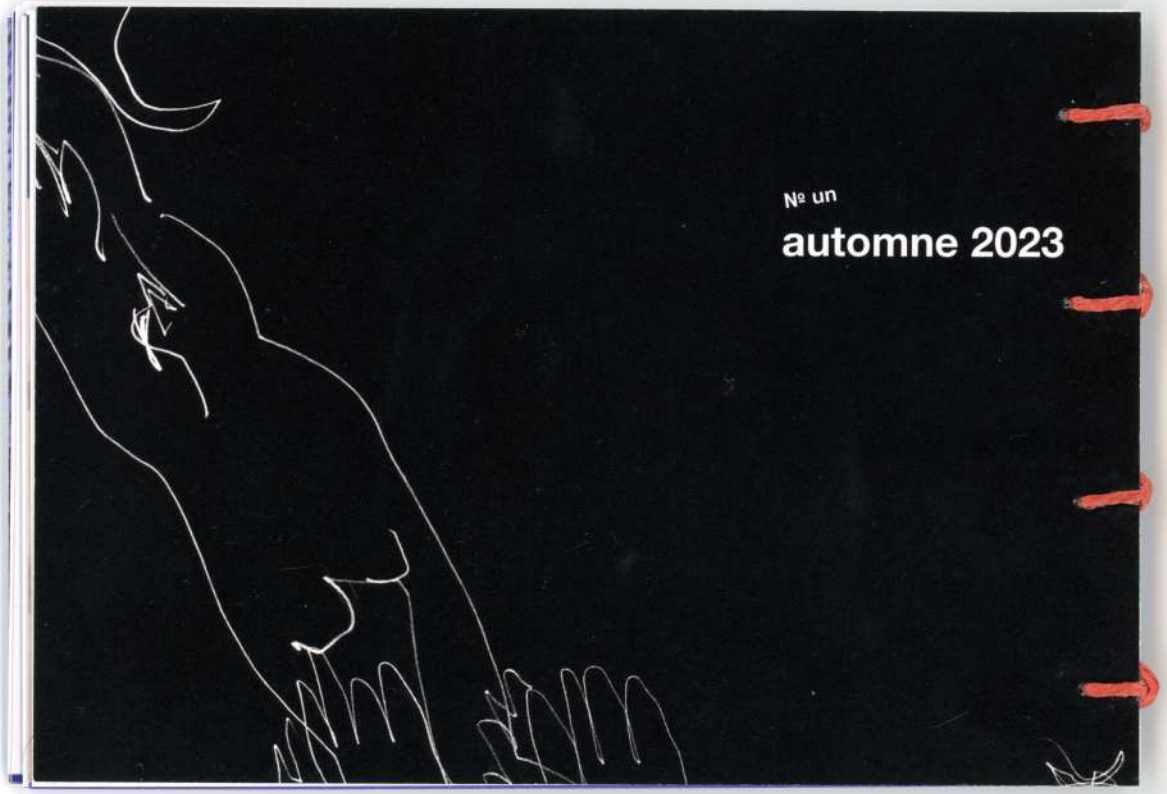
Gaza Solidarity Fundraiser Screenings
FROM THE RIVER TO THE SEA is a series of fundraiser film screenings in Tiohtià:ke/ Montréal organized by a coalition of cultural organizations and collectives coming together in solidarity with Palestine and the Palestinian struggle for justice, equality and liberation.

Horaire de projections

Generations of Nakba
Dec 3.....Cinéma Public

\+ de projections à venir
info sur @regardspalestiniens




Nº un
automne 2023